

## MasterBatemans Bay HHH

## The Egalitarian Hash

*Where sobriety in moderation is tolerated*

*Trash Volume: No complaints from neighbours.*

**Run Number:** 177 Mar 2021

**Hair:** **GreenFinger (with Gobbles)**

**Weather:** Girtiferous glitter

**Afters:** Gin and burgers in large quantity with a win to the Brumbies

**Score:** 2.69 combined run and walk

The **Infallible** RA had organised the weather and the **March Hare**, **GreenFinger** (with possibly tardy assistance from **Gobbles**) had dreamed up a magical mystery tour of the Mossy Point/Broulee conurbation.

People mingled. milling aimlessly on the back dick of the Mossy Point riverside residence acquired for the weekend by **BlackDog** and the Hair and the Red Queen and TweedleDee and Alice



The mingle included **Bubbles** (never previously seen at MBH3 and flukkedorf before the circle); her mate **Poey Poey** (possibly a near virgin and never scene again), **Dim Sim** (a refugee from Belconnen), **Richard Gere** (two christmases ago) **CL** and **Sunshine** (grey nomads); **JR**, **Sue Ellen** and **Blue Hawaii** (refugees from Canberra, occasionally seen locally). In accordance with the directions of her grand magister **BlackDog** most people had grown a hat. (Of which, more later.)

But before anything could happen the **GeeEmm** seemingly in perpetuity **Two Fathers** noted two things: 1. The last time **CL** set a run was run 50 2. The last time we had a **AGPU** was also run 50. Therefore, and accordingly as **CL** (and **Sunshine** ..cue an appropriate and tuneless rendition) was present it was time to have a Decennial General FuckUp. In a noisy burst of Pingian managed democracy (well, actually that is not a good metaphor as Ping would never declare his position vacant) two vacancies were notified and in almost

the blink of an eye we had a new RA (**Infallible**) and a new **GeeEmm** (.....drum roll.....pregnant pause.....**Haemorrhoid!**) All other positions except scribe will be carried out by founding father **Gobbles** and founding mother **CountHerFeet**. Scribing by 2F.

The new **GeeEmm** (**Haemorrhoid**) called upon the **March Hair** to describe the forthcoming splendid run (of which **Gerbils** - where did he come from? - was to be judge).

As **Alice** (who the faarkever she is) might have said "If you don't know where are going, it doesn't matter which track you take." And she was not even talking about **GreenFinger's** run or instructions. Which sounded very much like: "Only a few will find the way, some won't recognize it when they do - some... won't ever want to", said the **March Hair**. "And if you want to avoid the cliff, there is a stairway." Curiouser and curiouser. "Make sure you find a bridge."

Whatever, the pack, sorta sauntered off. The fleet footed runners were led off by **Sunshine** and **CL** who have been secretly training in the Port Stephens area, **Gerbils** and **Double Fister**. Others followed obediently for a while as they turned westwards along the river.

The walkers got some more almost incomprehensible instructions and meandered off in the general direction of opposite to the runners with **Infallible** and **Meat** in the lead, **JR** near there somewhere, **Pole Dancer** chattering along with **Easy**, **Pop Tart** and **Freezer**, past the boat ramp, along a path, up the cliff near the anchor and to the first bifurcation. Some along the cliff, a few along the bitumen and others in their own little world. The runners (except for **Double Fister**) thundered past.

A bridge was located and crossed. By now (and due to some judicious short cutting) **Two Fathers** and **Mighty** had managed to assume a front walking role and bumped into an on back. Then into **Double Fister** who by now was in a mode of stately progress. Confusion rained soupreem until the trail was relocated on the other side of the road and **Haemorrhoid** and **Too Keen** took up the lead to the next check back. A bit of a stroll through previously uncharted bits of Broulee and then out onto the beach where

**Gobbles** stood sentinally and pointing. In the general direction of the water crossing (Through which by now the diminished pack of runners had splashed and disappeared northwards.)

No drownings were reported but **BlackDog** made a small tactical error in soliciting a stygian ferryman (well, a body board) and successfully got wetter than anyone else. Then it was on to the drink stop at hic our three heroines had arranged a tea party.



Instructions on the couth handling of fine china and consuming white lightning were demonstrated.

The hordes ignored them. And scoffed the cupcakes.



Although some better trained couth people handled the china with a plum.



It was a hash vista sorta place.



Somehow, even  **Scooter Man** had made it to the drink stop to be reunited with **Pop Tart** who had nothing to do with his progress.



**Doggy Bag** arrived in her charabanc just in time to hoy the **Red Queen** and **Alice** back to the hacienda where in due coarse a circle thingy was convened and the combined forceps of **Haemorrhoid** and **Infallible** ran a small risk of control.

There were a few charges.

**Double Fister** was selected specially for her tardiness and a running pace slower than the walkers.

**Gerbils**, showing his usual disregard for facts, awarded the run 2, apparently because of its lack of robustity whatever the phuck that might be.

**CountHerFeet** who may have completed the walk awarded it a stunning 0.69 for reasons that are no clear as the pen chose about then to stop working. **Blackdog** got her comeuppances for the unwise choice of ferry and **Gobbles** ditto for his pusillanimous perambulation across the bridge. And another for walking into a window while simultaneously arriving late (**Gobbles**..late? Nivver!)

There was a slight aberration as **Double Fister** was sprung for a false charge in relation to the quality of wine (what would she know?) and somewhere in there the virgins and returners were welcomed and serenaded. **Captain Pugwash** and **Sticky Date** zoomed in and it is not known whether they made any sense of it all until a robust rendition of the anthem. (As they have got back over there.)

The somehow **Two Fathers** was assigned the responsibility of assessing and judging the champion chapeau of the day. It was not **Sunshine** or **Freezer** (Or Alice)



Nor was it any of **Mighty**, **DF**, **Pole Dancer** or **Easy**



But it was these three podium finishers, with **Sue Ellen** just pipping **CL** on the grounds of creativity and **Winnie** (who, graciously did not remove their heads). Although **Meat** might think he is lucky to have kept his.



**Scooter Man** (aka **Dangles**) deservedly designated for the Rooted and Routed Award by **Gobbles**.



**Freezer** was awarded the **Sticky Date Memorial Pink Tit Drink Bell**.

After which, with a great sigh of relief, the **GeeEmm** declared the circle wallaby ted's brother and got his missing shoes back. (A case of mistaken shoe identity having been perpetrated.)

It all got a bit messier from then on.

10. So there.

In a slight departure from tradition, following is the only record of the evening that is deemed appropriate to display. Astute observers may suspect **CL** is being supported. Or that the blind are leading the blind.



NEXT RUN

RUN 178

**NOTE CHANGES**

**WHEN:** Saturday 10 April 2021 at 3PM

**Ordinary Time**

**WHERE:** First Street South Durras

**HAIR:** Haemorrhoid (Or maybe Too Keen)

**AFTERS:** Almost certainly.

For those who are really astute, you may notice the first Saturday in April has been delayed for a week.

Why? I hear one of you ask. Well.....

(In no particular rank order.)

1. It interferes with other religious observances.
2. There are no vacancies within cooe of Durras.
3. It did not suit a couple of important people.
4. It seemed like a good idea at the time.
5. Enough people agree.
6. There is precedent.
7. It probably is not the end of democracy and the rule of law as we know it.
8. The GeeEmm said so.
9. It removes confusion about daylight saving. (Perhaps.)